

^feK] [^{THE} SouL OF MAN-] *WOSCE TEIPSUM!*

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If we had nought but sense, then only they
Should have sound minds, which have their
senses sound ; But Wisdom grows, when
senses do decay! And Folly most, m quickest
sense is found !

If we had nought but Sense, each living wight,
Which we call brute, would be more sharp
than we ! As having Sense's apprehensive
might In a more clear and excellent degree.

But they do want that quick discoursing
Power, Which doth, in us, the erring
Sense correct: Therefore the bee did
suck the painted flower ! And birds, of
grapes the cunning shadow peckt!

Sense, outsides knows! the Soul, through all
things sees ! Sense, circumstance ! She
doth, the substance view ! Sense sees the
bark! but She, the life of trees ! Sense
hears the sounds! but She, the concords
true^r

But why do I the Soul and Sense divide ?
When Sense is but a power, which She
extends! Which being in clivers parts
diversified, The divers Fomis of objects
apprehends?

This power spieads outward; but the root cloth
grow In th'inward Soul, which only cloth
perceive 1 For the Eyes and Ears, no more
their objects know, Than glasses know what
faces they receive!

For if we chance to fix our thoughts
elsewhere ; Although our eyes be ope,
we do not see! And if one Power did not
both see and hear. Our sights and sounds
would always double be!

Then is the Soul a Nature which contains
The power of Sense within a greater
power ! Which doth employ and use
the senses' pains; But sits and rules
within her private bower!